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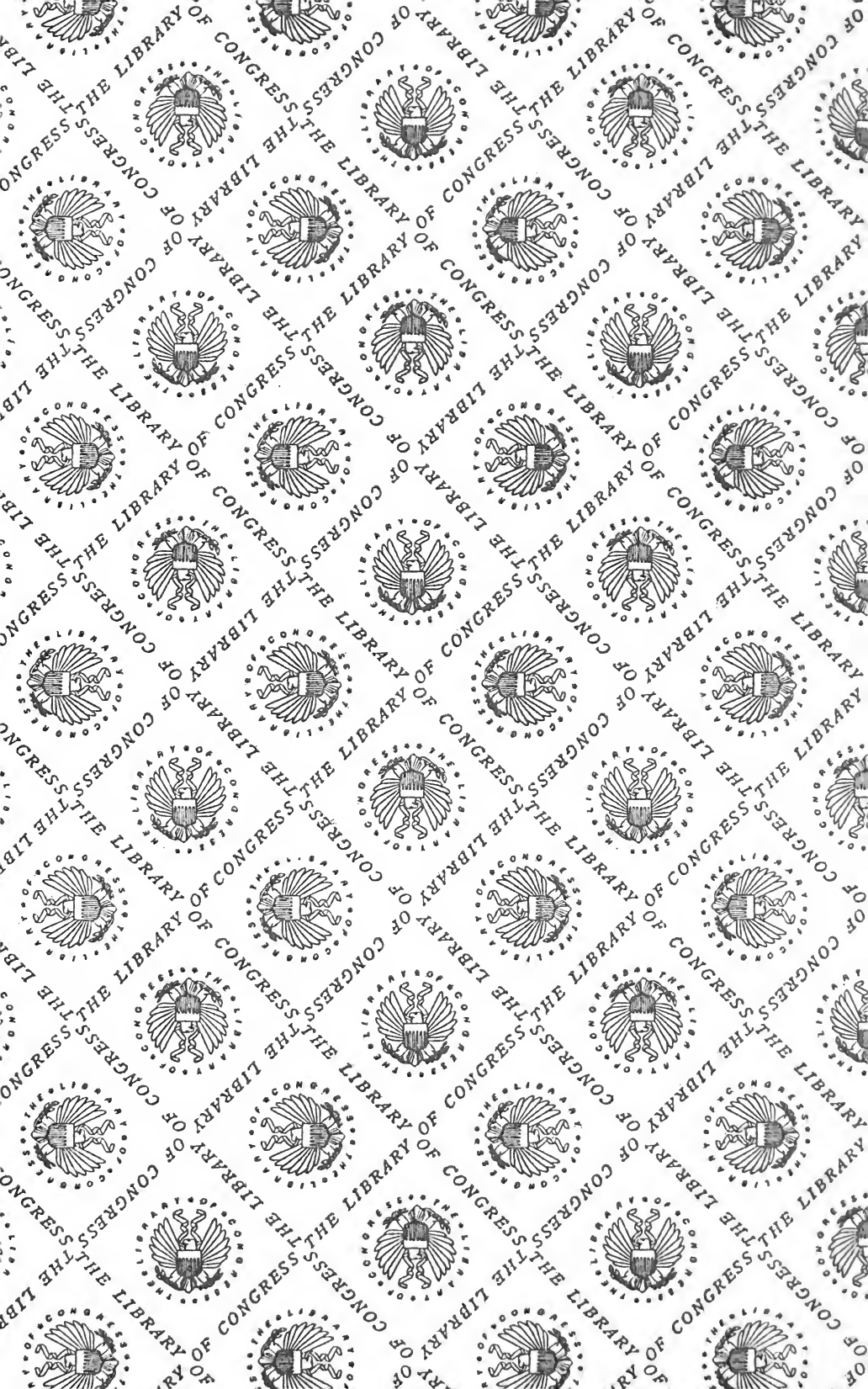
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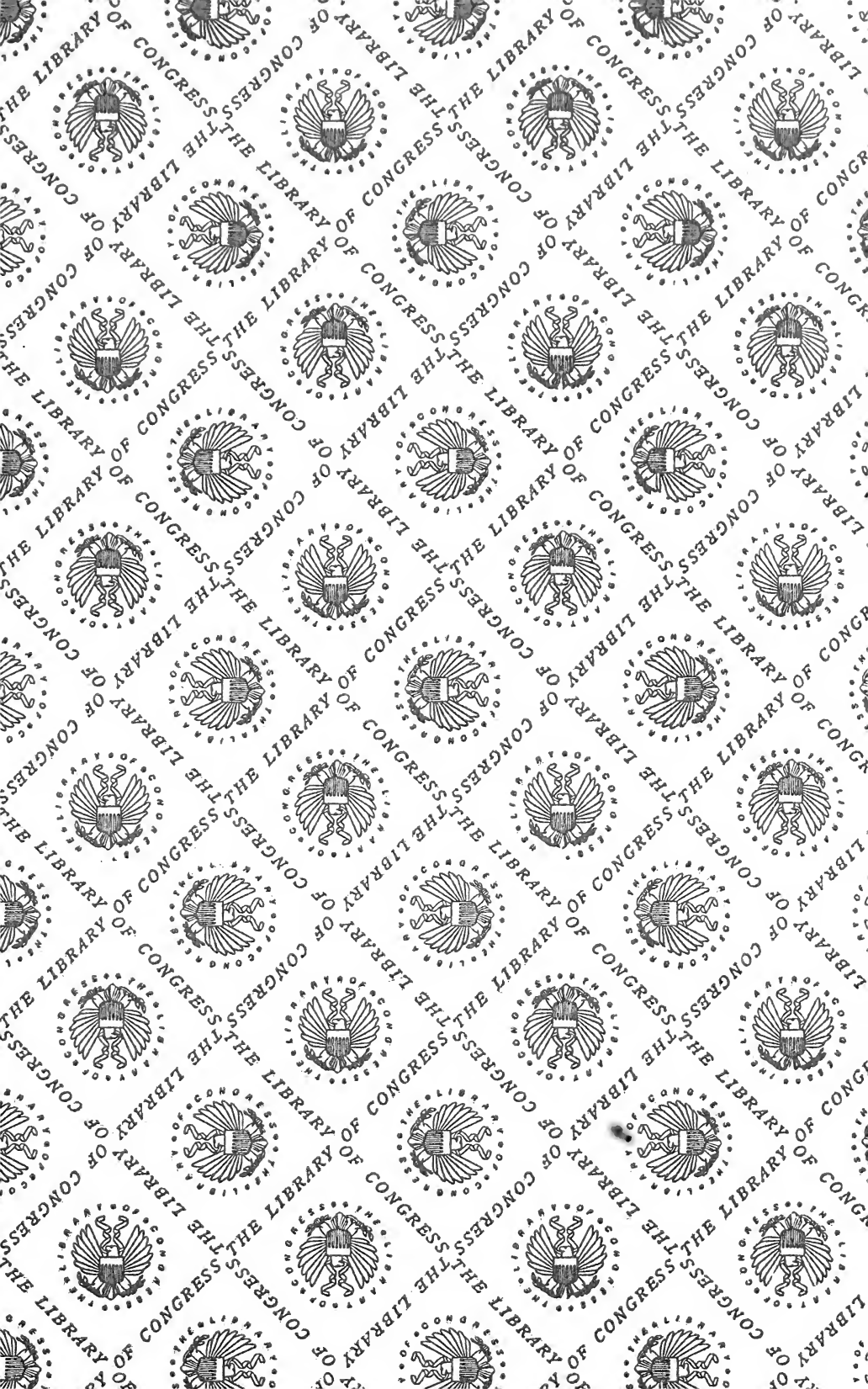
1905

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Henry Elliott Harman

At the gate of dreams

1905

PS3515

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TO HER  
WHO WAITS WITH ME  
AT THE GATE OF DREAMS





*How rarest blossoms by the roadway spring!  
How do the barren wilds with music ring!  
How every night new stars of splendor show  
Within the vaulted blue, where Love is king!*

### **At the Gate of Dreams**

Like idle children at the Gate of Dreams,  
Piping the tunes we caught along the road  
Of half-forgotten days,  
We sit with folded hands and watch the gleams  
Of light that fall on yet untrodden ways.

Each day we build new castles in the air  
On ruins left from those of yesterday  
That fell ere half complete;  
Each day comes promise of a land more fair  
And echoes of new songs more weird, more sweet.

For Hope that springs eternal in the soul  
Fills all the rugged way of human toil  
With silver-tinted gleams;  
Gives every day new promise to unfold  
And makes us children at the Gate of Dreams.

*A thousand years and ne'er night has paled  
Before the day, but yonder star unveiled  
A patient face; a lesson here for thee,  
If aught in constancy thy life has failed.*

### **On the Road to Sleepy-Town**

On the road to Sleepy-Town  
As the wondrous sun goes down,  
Little hands and little feet  
Wearied out with play complete,  
Now would stop at every sound  
On the road to Sleepy-Town.

Busy has the whole day been  
From the dawn until its end;  
And the gentle twilight glow,  
Where the weary feet now go  
Falls like benediction down  
On the road to Sleepy-Town.

Just ahead the Gate of Dreams  
Through the stillness casts its gleams;  
Just ahead the hand of sleep  
Reaches out to touch the cheek  
Of each little head of brown  
Longing so for Sleepy-Town.

Let me take you to my breast  
Just this moment ere you rest;  
Let me hold the hands so sweet  
As the daylight goes to sleep,  
Kiss the droopy eyelids down  
On the road to Sleepy-Town.

*How would the stony pathways of the street,  
Threading the marts of trade, amid the heat  
Of busy life, become like daisied fields  
If wand of love should guide reluctant feet.*



### **Unrest**

As sings the brook a-down the meadow ways,  
    Hopeful and glad to join the waiting sea,  
So all the while we hasten through our days,  
    Sunny and bright, yet never stop to see  
The flowers that bloom about our hurrying feet,  
    But, like the brook, oblivious of its fate,  
We hasten on, the coming years to greet  
    Unmindful of the storms that there await.

*How oft we strain our human eyes to trace  
Some picture of the future's hidden face;  
And yet of all who've gone the silent way  
Not one has dared a single step retrace.*

### **The Silent Way**

Always before us lies the silent way  
Along whose mystic sands some ill-wrought day  
Your feet and mine, Sweetheart, alone must stray.

The shadowy valley has its own sad gloom;  
There hangs the unknown mystery of the tomb:  
Along its way no sweet-faced daisies bloom.

But Lotus trees grow by the silent way,  
Teaching forgetfulness of pain to those who stray:  
Lethe of Life and Life's unfinished play.

If you could walk with me, ah! your sweet eyes  
Would be as sunshine in its sunless skies,  
And o'er its gloom new hope, new strength would rise.

But we must tread alone this silent way,  
And when you go God grant new light may play  
Upon its horizon so cold, so gray.

*The grave may bring defeat and hopeless shame,  
E'en innocence may lose a cherished name;  
But while we walk this side the silent tomb  
Nothing can daunt the soul where love's aflame.*



### **A Memory**

An olden tune, the memory of a song,  
A vanished face, the touch of bow along  
Responsive strings that wakened all my soul;  
A memory of your face now gone! now gone!

*Why no slight message from the grave is found?  
Why from its hidden silence ne'er a sound?  
Know thou the hand of Lethæ guards the way,  
That those who're crossed before are Lotus-bound.*

## Farewell

Farewell! Farewell! O Sea, O deckle Sea,

Keep in thy faithless arms, O keep

Him who is all and more than all to me

Safe from thy treacherous deep!

His passioned kiss yet hot upon my cheek,

Now thy salt kisses take the place of mine:

O Sea, I envy thee thy burden: seek

The smoothest path for him across the brine.

To-night the lazy breezes from the hills

Will cool my brow, dreaming of him afar.

While thy soft winds, O Sea, the canvas fills

That carries him beneath yon patient star.

Farewell! Farewell! Ye Winds from out the deep,

Blow gently as the even shadows fall:

And through the silence of the darkness keep

The good ship there that carries mine, my all.

*If in the hush of evening twilight's glows  
The history of the day no kindness shows,  
Then count that day as more than lost to thee  
And pray forgiveness ere the records close.*



### **Life's Twilight**

The evening star and glow of sunset in the West,  
A mist upon the hill, the hour of rest.

A sound of vesper bell across the harbor deep,  
Parting of dark and day where valleys sleep.

And when I say good-bye to face an unseen day,  
May peace as sweet as this twilight my way.

*Look you within the daisy's heart and see  
Some forecast what the future life will be;  
The faith that glows in every blossom's face  
Augurs Elysium yet for you and me.*

### A Prayer

O Thou, who paints the crimson on the rose  
And gives the meadow daisy heart of gold,  
Unto my soul so sinned and incomplete  
Thy will, Thy wish unfold.

And when the last sad day shall come  
And in my soul

I know that ere the twilight shadows fall  
The bells for me will toll.

Then give me faith to clasp Thy hand and hold  
Till boatman safely passes o'er the stream,  
And on the part I've played the curtain fall.



*So many a life has failed not asking why,  
So many a soul despaired that did not try,  
But saddest fate that bars the human way:  
"To have the wish, but not the wings to fly."*



*"UNTO MY SOUL, SO SINNED AND INCOMPLETE."*

*Some day, somehow, I know not where or when,  
Hearts kept asunder who have lovers been  
I know shall be united, hand and soul  
And thus shall dwell until the cycles end.*

### **If You But Knew**

I wonder if you ever come this way  
From out the Bright Beyond, whence you have gone;  
If sometimes by my path you do not stray  
Which since you went I traverse all alone.

It seems my love and loneliness would bring  
Your gentle tread along my road some day  
When I'm a-weary, with no heart to sing,  
And sigh for comradeship along the way.

If you but knew how I have missed your smile,  
Your tender voice and touch of vanished hand,  
Your pity would be mine the little while  
I walk without you in the Shadow Land.

*When we have anchored on the other shore  
And Charon turns his boat earthward once more,  
I wonder will not olden loves awake  
Regret that Life's half-finished play is o'er!*



### **O Restless Sea**

O restless Ocean, like a guilty soul  
Forever moving, seeking, never still,  
What is thy mystery and what thy goal;  
What is the wish thy vastness cannot fill?  
The widowed ones who lonely vigil keep?  
The orphaned children at the widow's side?  
And victims brave who 'neath thy treachery sleep:  
Are these thy conscience taunts, O Ocean wide?

*If in the after life nothing but ease  
Shall be our lot beneath the spreading trees,  
How think you Soul, with lofty aim afire,  
Shall there in idleness its wish appease!*

### **The Remnant in Gray**

O sing me a song of the shadowy land  
Where an army thinned by the frosts of years  
Marches with trembling foot and hand  
The silent road of the volunteers:  
The shadowy way  
With no light to stay  
The soul that has never had room for fears.

But a little while in the shadowy way  
And the last will make his final stand,  
And the soul which courage could always stay  
Will feel the touch of Charon's hand.  
Then the shadowy way  
With no light of day  
Will see the end of this faithful band.

But a little time in the shadowy way:  
Such a little while and the grave is there;  
So while the few who with us stay  
And walk with us, let every care  
In the shadowy way  
With no light to stay  
Be theirs to the end of the last sweet day.

*How often Death comes near us on the way,  
But passes on and gives us leave to stay  
With sweet home idols, while another life,  
Hopeful, he takes a-down the silent way.*



I never yet have found a heart so dead  
But sometimes touched a softened tear to shed,  
And never yet the Winter fields so sere  
But some brave plant dare lift its faithful head.

*Since in the lowly valleys everywhere  
God scatters blossoms that are passing fair,  
Think what the vales of Paradise will show:  
How rare must be the plants that blossom there!*

### **God Grant the Years Go Slow**

God grant the years go slow;  
God grant the days be long;  
And lazily fall the twilight glow,  
Linger the Even-song.

Yon moon that fills the West  
With its silver-tinted gleams  
Will quickly sink to rest  
And leave the world to dreams:  
So to-morrow's sun will rise  
Out of the gaudy dawn  
And fill the Summer skies  
Then sink—and a day is gone.

I dread the day, Sweetheart,  
When I shall kiss your hand  
Farewell and alone we part  
And go to another land;  
For beyond the little way  
We see with human eye,  
Of it all we can only say:  
We live, we love, we die.

So I pray that the years go slow;  
God grant the days be long;  
And lazily fall the twilight glow,  
Sing slowly the Even-song.

*It argues well that Death must be complete,  
That every subject bowing at his feet  
Allegiance gives; or else that country fair  
Holds willing captives with its music sweet.*



### **My Lotus-Land**

A smell of yonder sea comes to our window high,  
And a sound of melody out of the darkening sky,  
For now the parting day says good-bye to the night;  
There are little prayers to pray and Love's own fires  
to light.

Now let me hold your hand and look you in my eyes  
And see that my Lotus-land, under Love's starlit skies,  
Is where I walk with you in magic hour like this,  
Where the silvery beads of dew be-star these vales of bliss.

*How very blue must be the Summer skies  
That bend above the vales of Paradise!  
How every landscape, every valley deep  
Will fill the radiant soul with sweet surprise!*

### **On Love's Highway**

One day Love met me on the June highways.  
When all the fields were bending in the breeze  
That brought new promises of Summer days.  
And tulips bloomed beneath the spreading trees.

"Walk thou with me," he said, "along the way:  
See all the world is glad and so am I,  
Be my companion and each blessed day  
Will pass as holy incense to the sky."

Almost a score of years have passed since then  
And Love and I have never walked apart.  
And sweet June roses fill the way as when  
We first clasped hands so long ago, Sweetheart.



*E'en yet while snow is still upon the hills  
And Winter's icy touch the valley fills,  
God sends a pledge of what the Spring will be  
In golden glory of the daffodils.*



### **In the South**

Here every breeze a richer perfume brings  
From out the scented woods, where all the while,  
Tireless from joy, the waiting mock-bird sings:  
Here every wildwood blossom is a smile.

Somehow the daisied fields are whiter still;  
It seems the rose is redder, and the sky  
A brighter hue; here joy and gladness fill  
Each hasty hour and yet I know not why.

There is her love I hold within my heart,  
Loyal and true, and every joy it brings:  
We walk the ways that never go apart—  
This may be why the bird so sweetly sings.

*No matter how obscure the lonely place  
Where meadow flower lifts its tender face,  
It sheds a perfume just as pure and sweet  
As if it grew where gaudy footsteps pace.*

### **Goldenrod**

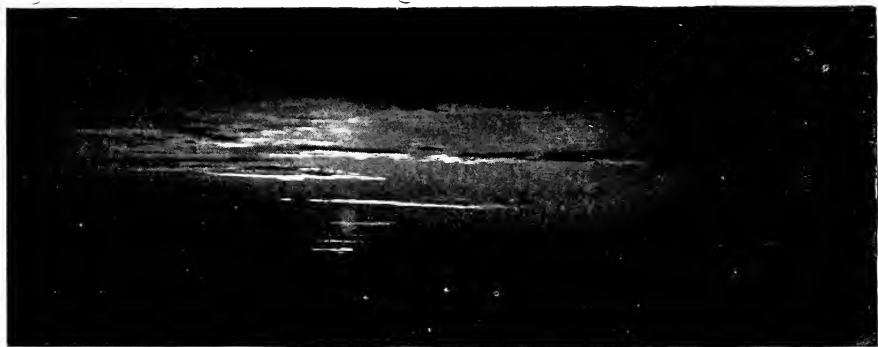
The Autumn sunbeams come in rifts of gold  
Across the fields and by the lapping sea;  
And as I pass, the tufted Goldenrod  
Bows royally in silence unto me.

Though heralder of Winter's coming stay,  
And soft reminder of the Summer dead,  
No arrogance of manner marks thy day,  
Oh, Goldenrod. And on thy crimson head

The crown of fulness, of completeness rests,  
The sunshine of an hundred Summer days;  
And garnered love that we have won and lost  
Thy silence keeps. And all the burnished ways

Of woodland vale and sedgy-covered fields  
Are gladdened by thy presence, for the sod  
Sends up its dearest offering of the year  
In thy rich colors, pensive Goldenrod.

*When lights are lowered in the hall, if we  
Into the hidden future's face could see  
And know that but a little span remains,  
How tender would the good-night kisses be!*



### **Dogwood and Jasmine**

The dogwood fringes woods with white,  
The leaves new fragrance bring,  
While jasmine hangs its yellow lamps  
To light the way of Spring.

Yet never blooms the flowers anew  
But a face comes back serene;  
The dogwood and the jasmine  
Both keep her memory green.

*Ah! those who've anchored, lo, these many days  
In that fair land beyond this misty haze,  
I wonder if they watch our restless feet,  
As here we climb Life's sin-encumbered ways.*

### **In Your Room**

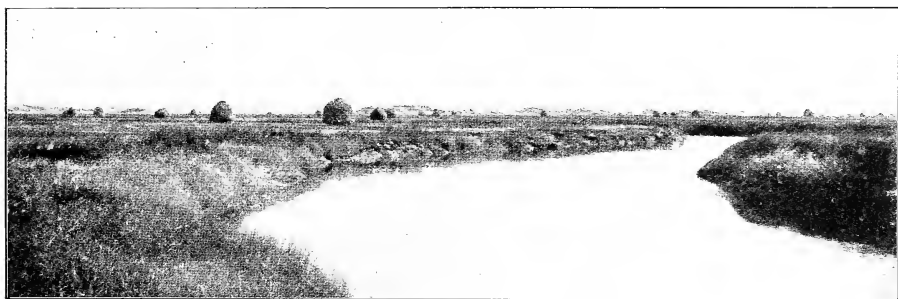
How sacred do the very curtains seem  
That guard the wistful pathway of the light  
That fain would enter through your casement there  
And linger with you. And when gentle night

Has strewn the meadows of the Summer sky  
With patient stars, then every little bloom  
That shines serene watches in constancy,  
If but to lose one ray within your room.

There is the couch where restful slumber comes  
To your sweet eyes, and love-dreams chase  
All cares and worries from your merry heart,  
And bring the sleeper's smile to your dear face.

So when the morn awakes and peaceful night  
Has softly passed, then from the eastern skies  
A thousand sunbeams race with message sweet—  
A new day's welcome to your waking eyes.

*Love knows no caste ; the poorest cottage bare  
Of all that makes life easiest and fair  
He enters with such royal pomp and pride  
As if a palace splendor waited there.*



## **We Two**

If we but journey on the same highway,  
Whether it be by land or placid sea,  
But one sweet haven waits the closing day  
Since your dear footsteps there abide with me.

Your tender look my evening twilight thrill,  
Your voice the music of the Summer breeze ;  
One clasp of hand and lo ! the meadows fill  
With sweet contentment 'neath the spreading trees.

*No voice comes back: the silence of the tomb  
Is just as faithful as its awful gloom;  
But this I know, if there I find you not,  
No flowers for me in Paradise will bloom.*

### **Then You Will Know**

I feel you never, never yet have understood  
How tenderly I've loved you all these years,  
And never will my heart's full meaning know  
Until beside my bed the mourner's tears  
Shall fill your eyes, and kneeling at my side  
You kiss the lips so white but damp and cold  
In death's possession, and the hands that toiled  
So tenderly and long in yours you hold.

Then, Sweetheart dear, the olden days will come  
Like phantom images that haunt the soul  
In other lands: then every olden kiss  
And every smile new charm for you will hold.  
And when the silent lips will answer not  
Your pleading call, know well that from the land  
Whence I have gone, I'll love you even more;  
Then once for all, I know, you'll understand.

SONGS FROM

“IN PEACEFUL VALLEY”

and Other Poems

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By

H. E. HARMAN

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REPRINTED FROM EDITION OF 1901

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From foot-worn street, where like a dungeon aisle  
We tread alone the tireless mill of trade,  
I lift the voice of gratitude and smile  
And sing to you this lover's serenade.

## The Carolina Daisies

A thousand daisies lift their snowy heads  
Upon each sun-kissed Carolina hill.  
And star the meadows with their white and gold  
To where the flowing tide of Summer will  
Eases its pace in lowlands green and wide,  
Until it finds the river's swifter tide.

In other lands I've seen the daisies bloom,  
And marked the glory of a day in June:  
Have watched the Summer splendor far and wide,  
When all the world with nature was in tune.  
But other daisies never yet could thrill  
My soul like those on Carolina hill.

Somehow, in exile, as I see them yet,  
Those hills seem greener under Summer skies,  
For there, just she and I, in daisy field  
I saw the love-light in her tender eyes:  
Even yet as constant as the stars above  
I hold her tenderness, her trust, her love.

For swift the years that blight our castles fair  
Have left me this, and memory reaches far  
To love's awakening in the daisy fields,  
Mid hush of twilight, 'neath the evening star:  
So thus I bless you for the love that thrills  
My soul, sweet daisies of the Carolina hills.



## Our House of Dreams

Almost a score of years  
'Mid smiles and tears,  
We've builded, you and I, our house of dreams,  
And still through all the days,  
Along the stony ways  
Love's halo gleams.

Sometime the day was bright ;  
Sometime a Winter light  
Fell where we toiled slow with willing hands ;  
But Love was always there,  
A gleam of light to spare  
From Promise Lands.

We've seen the structure tall  
In hopeless ruin fall  
And hope's fair star shine out with feeble gleams ;  
But Love, Sweetheart, is true  
As we begin anew  
Our house of dreams.

## **In Some Sad Hour**

In some sad hour I'll hold your trembling hand  
And plead the passing moments for delay,  
When one of us must pass beyond the real  
And one must stay.

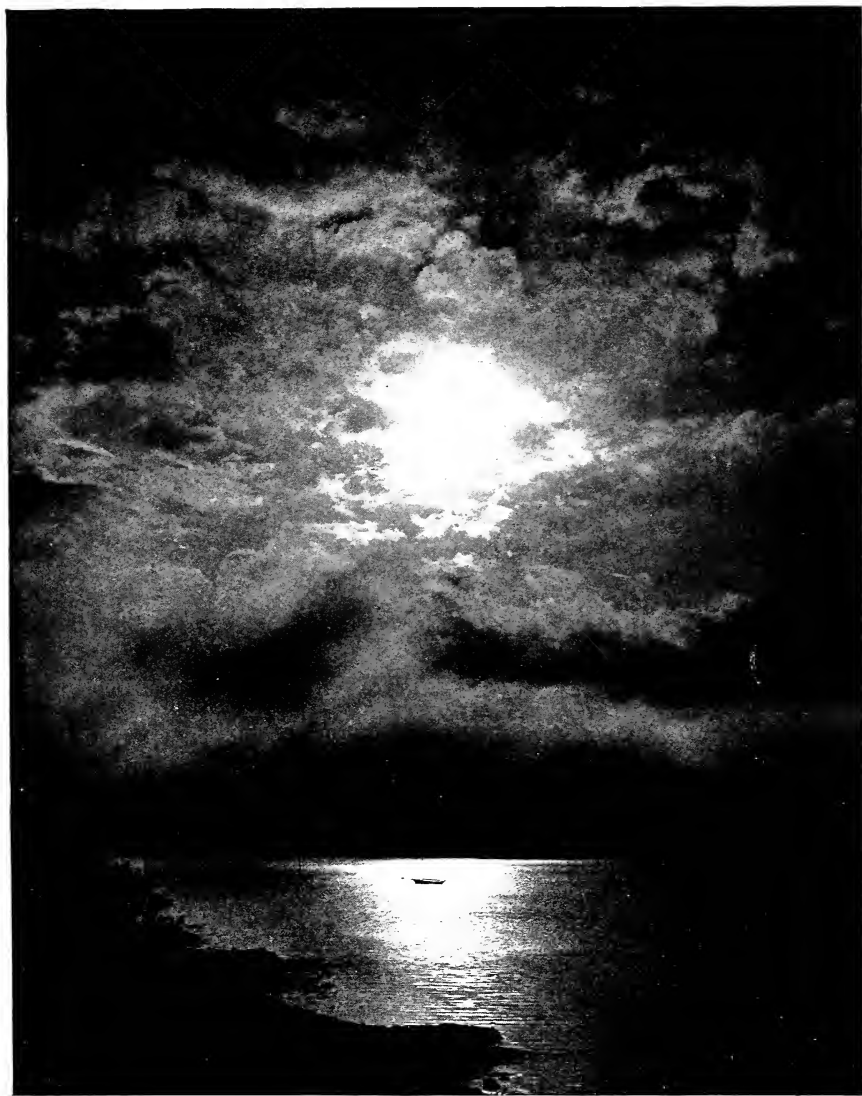
It matters not to us which it shall be;  
Who first shall tread alone the hidden ways;  
But God be gentle in that lonely hour  
To one who stays.

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## **A Valentine**

If white-winged Peri from the golden gate  
Should ask what gift to me would be most dear  
From her bright home above,  
Quick would the thought and quick the pleading be  
That from her bounteous gifts of land and sea  
I still might keep your love.

So on this day when Cupid walks abroad  
And shoots his arrows from a golden bow  
To aid St. Valentine,  
I only ask that through the years to be  
Whatever else the fates may hold for me  
Your love may still be mine.



"WHO FIRST SHALL TREAD ALONE THE HIDDEN WAYS."

## When Daylight Breaks

When daylight breaks  
Across the sky  
And streaks of gold  
The day unfold,  
When darkness fades in mellow light  
And day-time angels chase the night,  
Then all my peaceful dreaming wakes  
To love thee more when daylight breaks.

When daylight breaks  
In dusky hue  
To kindle diamonds  
In the dew,  
And shadows in the valley deep  
Play hide and seek, and star beams peep  
With radiance waned, an offering wakes  
To thee, my love, when daylight breaks.

When daylight wakes  
Across the sky,  
When starlight fades  
And moonbeams die,  
When dusky lashes catch the light  
From hovering dreams, and all the night  
Has fled, I wake to bless the fates  
For thy sweet love when daylight breaks.

## **A Day on the Farm Once More**

Oh! give me a day on the dear old farm once more,  
One such as when a barefoot boy I strayed  
Among the weeds and tangled clover-tops  
And listened to the many tunes that played  
From every tree-top where the feathered throats  
Sang ceaselessly because the days were sweet.

And let it be a day in harvest-time  
When every wind that swept across the field  
Was perfume-laden, and when twilight came  
Then all the glories of the Summer night revealed;  
When every prayer was like a lover's song;  
Because to live was love and love is prayer.



## The Carolina Hills

'Tis Summer, once more Summer  
On the Carolina hills,  
And there seems to be a rythm  
In the whisper of the rills  
As they come from out the highlands  
Where the sweetest mosses grow,  
And go singing through the meadows,  
With the willows bending low.

I've a sweetheart in the valley,  
In the cottage over there :  
Long I've envied every cowslip  
That was growing very near  
Where she walked on Summer mornings  
By the hedges cool and sweet,  
And I envied yonder roadway  
Long accustomed to her feet.

To-day beside the willows,  
In the meadow cool and deep,  
I met her on the roadway  
Where the daisies vigil keep,  
And a promise she has given  
Which my soul with gladness fills,  
And I love you more than ever,  
You Carolina hills.

Oh ! the cowslips in the meadow  
That I envied long ago,  
And roadway by the cottage  
Where the golden daisies grow,  
I envy you no longer,  
For I've won a love that fills  
My soul, in that fair maiden  
Of the Carolina hills.



### Love is the Same

Love rules the world complete,  
Be it for good or wrong,  
His voice is but the same  
In sigh or song.

The minstrel serenade  
From darkened village street,  
Wafted to listening maid,  
Is love complete.

If it be kingly breast  
Or peasant heart aflame,  
Heaven touches each alike;  
Love is the same.

## Since Dinah Went Away

To-night in negro exile, in dis far-off Northern clime,  
I dreamed I saw de cabin home of old.  
Down beside de Southern river, and de eve was Summer-time  
And de story of my sorrow there is told.

De whippo'-will was singin' and de breeze was blowing slow,  
De air was full of perfume of de co'n.  
But de shadows fall so heavy and de stars kind hanging low,  
'Cause Dinah, just my Dinah, she is gone.

No softness in de twilight since my Dinah went away,  
No twinkle in de stars dat shine for love.  
And de dog, he look much sadder and kinder pine away  
Since Dinah died and went up there above.

De cabin it is just de same to others I suppose.  
The fields as green and other things as gay.  
But a gloom is in de twilight and a darkness in my soul  
Since Dinah, just my Dinah, went away.





"DE CABIN IT IS JUST DE SAME."

## When Memory Wakes

At dawn I woke, and in the misty haze  
That comes between the waking and the dream  
I saw her face, as in the olden days,  
And o'er her brow the mellow light that plays  
Where Love's enthroned. And lo! the tender gleam  
Of morning star had lost its wonted light,  
For Fate had touched a long-healed wound at night  
And waked me, sighing for forgotten days.

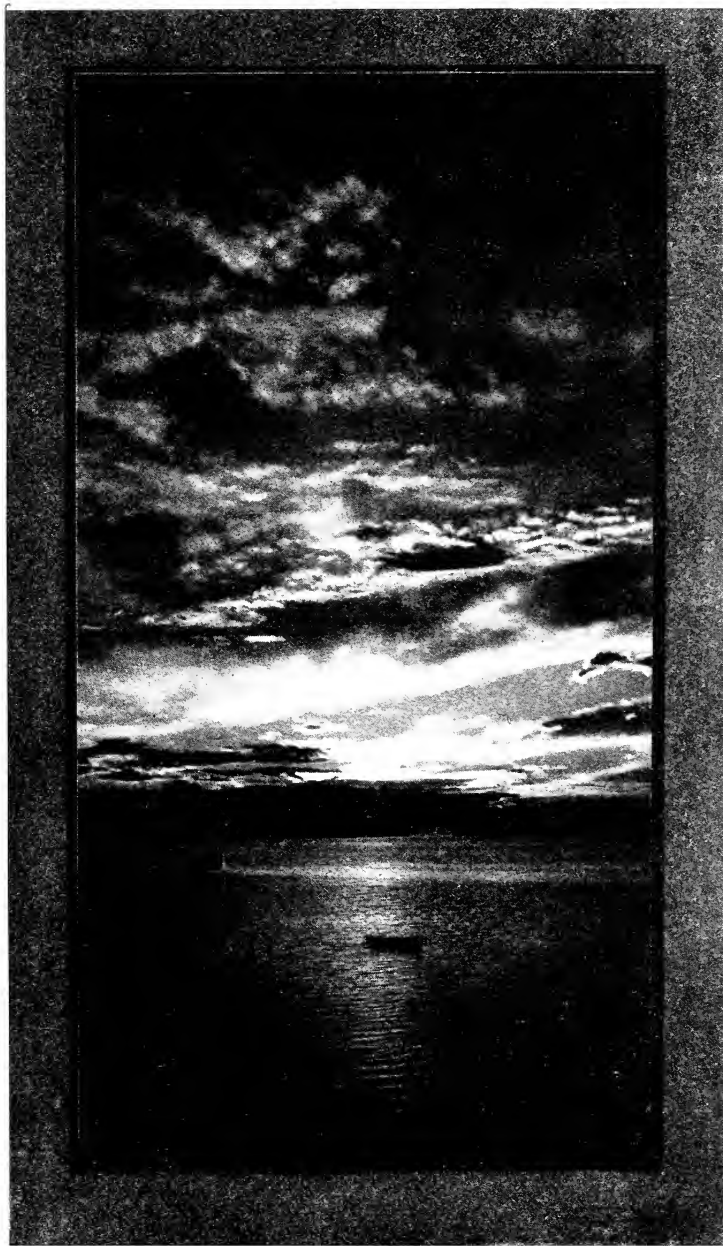
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## Perhaps

Perhaps in some far-distant Spring-time,  
When fields are green and woods are gay,  
When all the air is rich in perfume,  
I may cross your way.

Perhaps in some sweet slumberous June-time  
Bright and fair with sunny weather,  
When the whippoor-will is wooing,  
Our hearts may throb together.

Perhaps some russet, crimson Autumn,  
Rich with goldenrods and gay,  
Sere and brown in golden beauty,  
May see our wedding day.



“—THE MISTY HAZE  
THAT COMES BETWEEN THE WAKING AND THE DREAM.”

## Everywhere

In twilight hour the softer blue  
That glows from Summer skies  
Is but the borrowed color  
Of your sweet eyes.

The wild rose blush in solitude  
Beneath the stately pine  
Is but a type of that which glows  
On lips of thine.

And zephyr low amid the fields  
Where flower and leaf rejoice,  
Brings back the tender echo  
Of thy sweet voice.

For Nature has no melody  
On land or Summer sea  
That is not set in numbers  
That tell of thee.



"IN TWILIGHT HOUR THE SOFTER BLUE."

## Just Blooming For You

To-day in the low green meadows  
    'Neath the skies of Summer hue  
I found a white-rimmed daisy  
    Just blooming alone for you.

Patient through days a-dreary,  
    Smiling when skies are blue,  
Happy in life's full treasure  
    Of blooming alone for you.

No worship of priest or prelate  
    Could equal devotion so true  
As the love of the sweet meadow daisy  
    Just blooming alone for you.

There may be creeds more perfect  
    And devotion more lasting and true,  
But the simple love of the daisy  
    Just blooming alone for you

Taught me the sweetness of living  
    Out there under skies so blue:  
Just shedding the fragrance of loving  
    And blooming alone for you.

And to-day in the perfumed meadow  
    With its flowers of every hue  
I learned a lesson of worship  
    From the daisy just blooming for you.



"JUST BLOOMING ALONE FOR YOU."

## My Silent Guest

We sit beside the hearthstone  
Where the fire-light's ruddy glow  
Brings back the faded pictures  
From the realm of long ago.  
And I smoke my pipe in silence  
As a star shows in the west.  
But never a word is uttered  
From the lips of my silent guest.

And I hear as she sits beside me  
The rustle of silken dress  
And upon my burdened shoulder  
A vanished hand is pressed:  
The perfume of one sweet Summer  
Comes back with a memory blest.  
But never a word is spoken  
From the lips of my silent guest.

I stretch my hand in the stillness  
If to touch the head of brown.  
Praying a look of welcome  
From the dreamy eyes cast down.  
And a word from the lips so tender  
That would come as a message blest:  
But never a word is uttered  
From the lips of my silent guest.

And so we sit in the stillness  
Alone through the blessed night.  
Until each faded ember  
Is lost in the coming light  
Of the gaudy-mantled morning.  
And I wake in the hush of dawn  
To stretch my hands in pleading.  
But my silent guest is gone.





### **The Recompense of Fate**

I saw a gardner plant a lilac tree

Beside his modest cottage, and for years  
Returning, saw it grow, but ne'er a bloom  
Appeared to pay him for his cares.

But in the after days when he was gone

And daisies grew where he was laid away,  
The lilac bloomed, and through the long spring morn,  
Blessed cot and garden with its purple spray.

## By the Old Mill

A picture in the wilderness of waste,  
The old mill stands, untenanted and still;  
No life about the doors and fallen wheel,  
No cottage on the hill.

And yet to-day, as by the stream I stood,  
Which through the busy years has constant been,  
The meadow daisies bloomed as fresh and sweet  
As then, Sweetheart, as then.

“As then!” You must recall the day  
When we the daisies plucked beside the stream;  
The day we pledged our heart and hand, which still  
Makes life’s sweet dream.

For, Sweetheart dear, the moss may cover green  
The fallen wheel and Winters follow May,  
But love that woke for us beside the mill  
Knows no decay.



“UNTENANTED AND STILL.”

## The Peaceful Valley

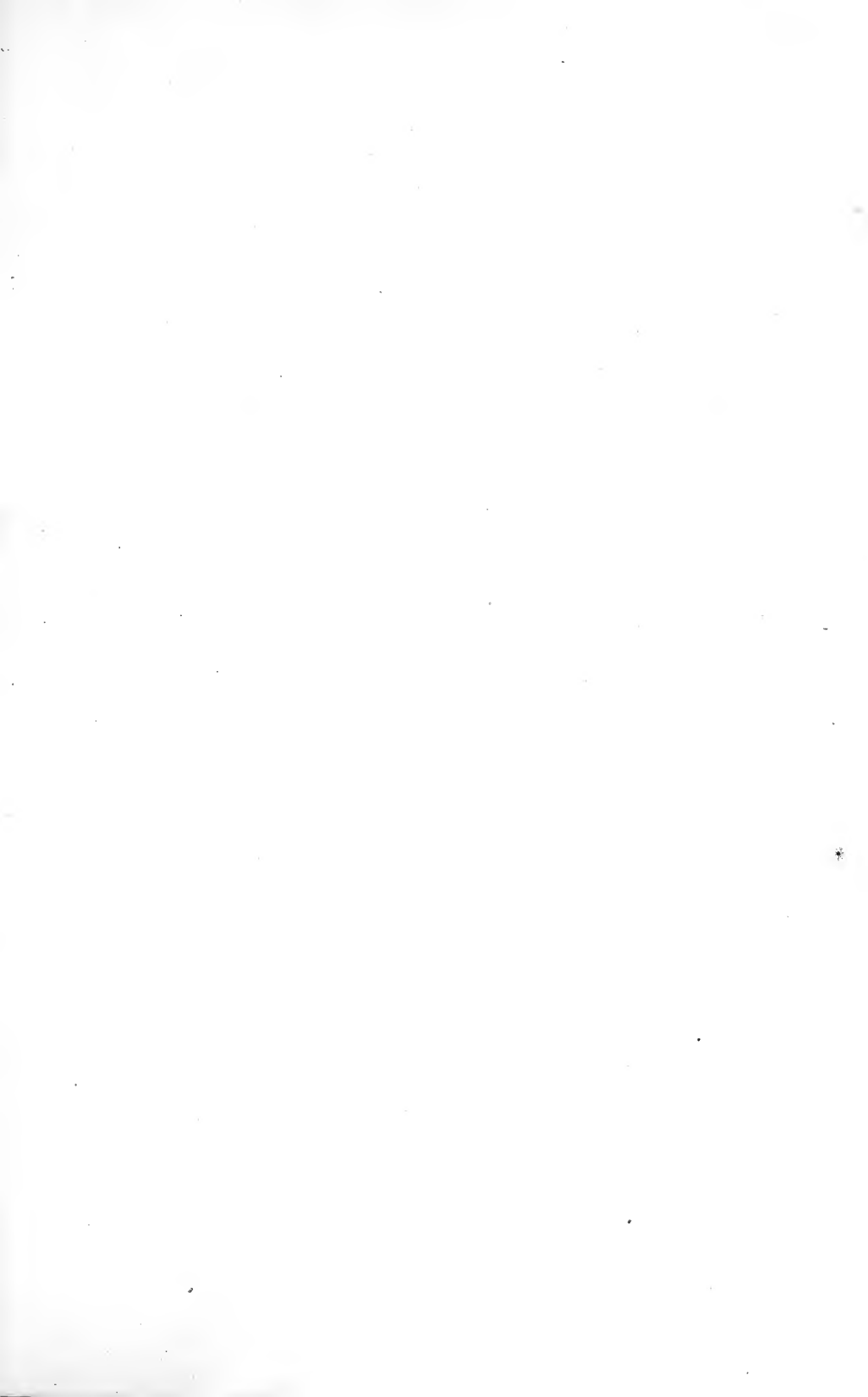
Here falls a gentle stillness o'er the fields.

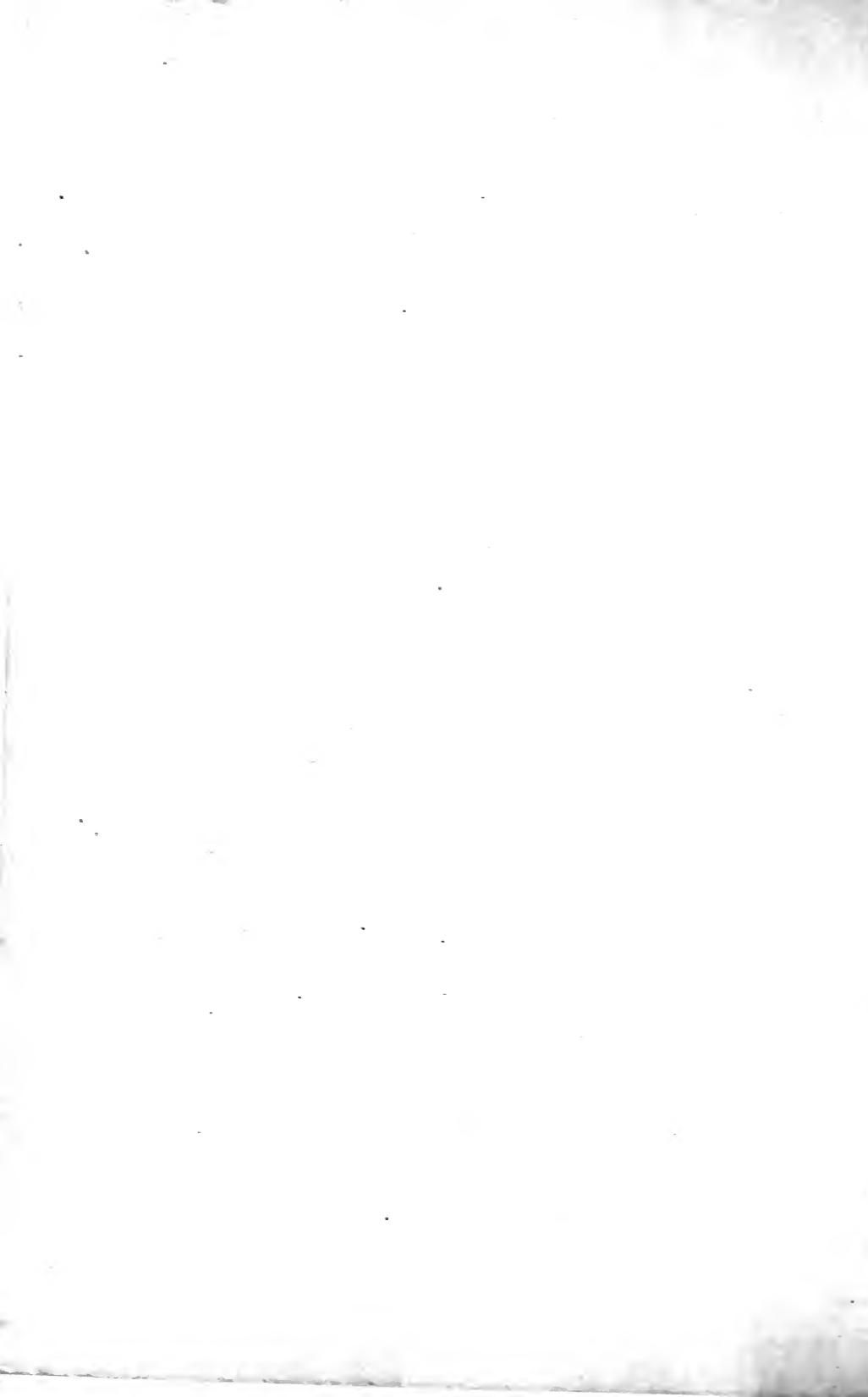
And in the sunshine there's a touch of gold :  
Each zephyr brings the echo of a song.

And Summer twilights Nature's heart unfold.  
Here, peaceful home, where cluster orchard trees,  
Stands far removed from where the busy feet  
Of passing life go up and down the way :

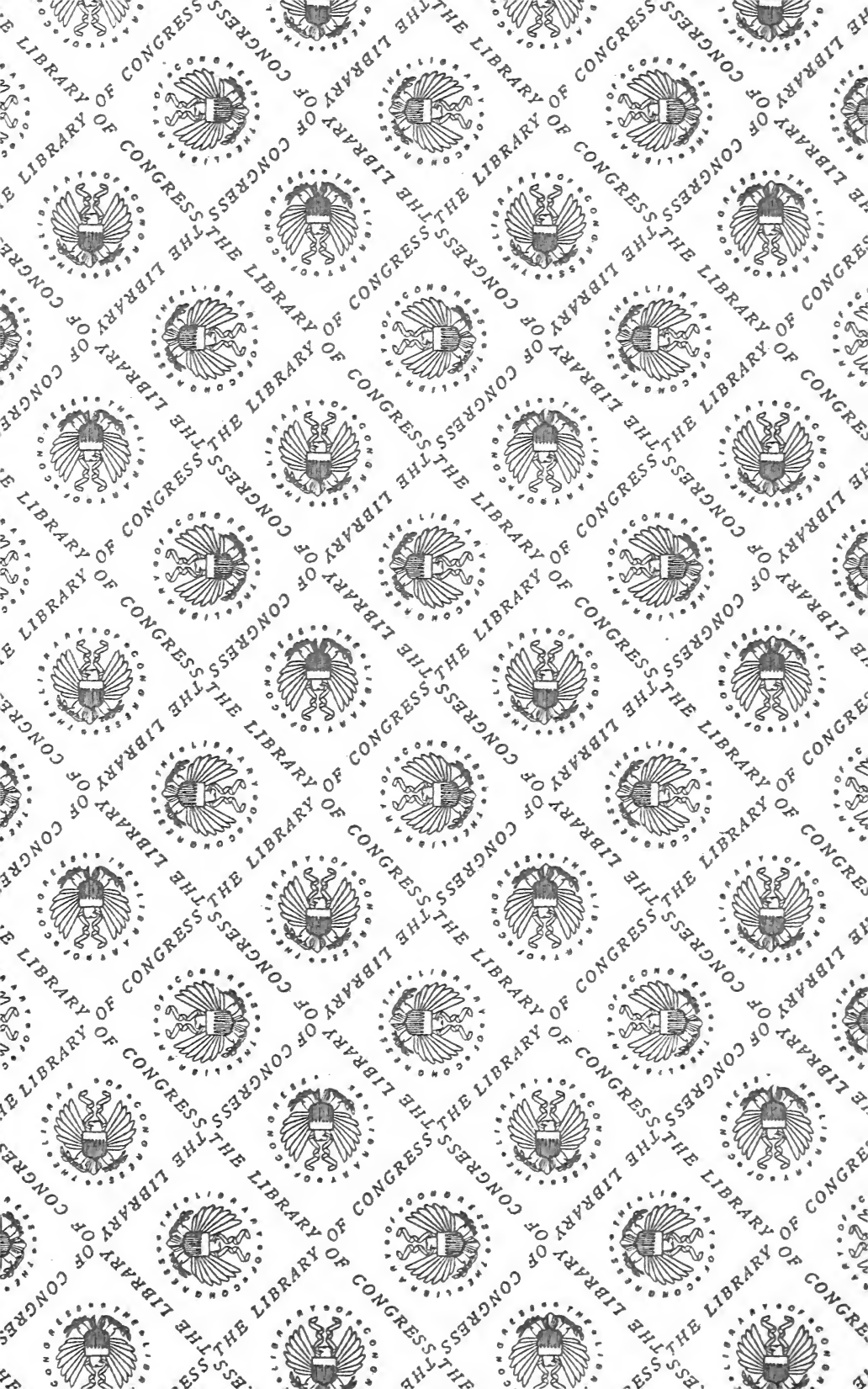
Here not the noisy, but the peaceful meet.  
There are no struggles here, but gentler ways  
Of life stretch far along the winding streams :  
Here are the echoes of the olden songs.  
Here come again the faces of our dreams.

Ah ! but the touch of her soft, gentle hand  
And lo ! a stillness falls o'er land and sea :  
'Tis Peaceful Valley where her pathway leads.  
'Tis always Summer when she walks with me.











HECKMAN  
BINDERY INC.



DEC 88

N. MANCHESTER,  
INDIANA 46962



